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by August Heckscher

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by Martin Turnell

Era of Change

THE PARISH PATTERN
by Michael Furlong

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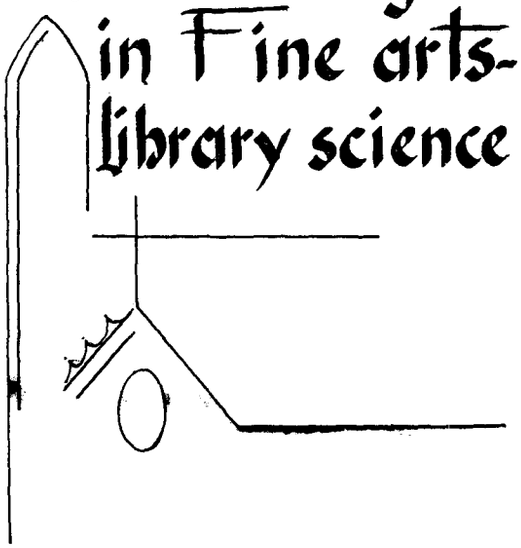

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

A LIBERAL MAGAZINE?

THE ARTICLE by August Heckscher in this issue will, we think, produce some interesting questions in the minds of our readers, whether they call themselves liberals or conservatives. For our part, it made us return to a question we have often discussed in the past. Is The Commonweal a liberal magazine? The answer, as always, has to be: in some ways, yes; in other ways, no. For whether or not it is better to be a liberal than to be able to define liberalism, it is certainly easier.

In the United States a liberal is thought of as somewhat left-of-center, reform-minded, "progressive." He probably supported the New Deal in the thirties; he reads Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.; he may belong to the American Civil Liberties Union, or to Americans for Democratic Action, or to both. In most European countries, on the other hand, the Liberal party is right-of-center, jealous of the status quo or even homesick for the regime before the status quo, in short, "conservative" if not reactionary. It is small wonder that discussions of liberalism get confused.

Some Catholics delight in pointing out that Pope Pius IX condemned Liberalism in the last century, a fact about which there is no argument. From this beginning, however, they will often go on to try to extend this nineteenth century condemnation beyond all reason—to make it include most of the goals and aspirations which in twentieth century America are described as liberal. And in this they are grievously mistaken, for what the Pope condemned under the name of Liberalism and what is popularly known as liberalism in America are obviously not the same thing.

It should be clear to everyone, of course, that The Commonweal does not represent that philosophical, European-style Liberalism which was the child of the Enlightenment. This magazine believes in freedom of conscience, but not in a religious Liberalism which says that all religions are equally good—or equally bad. It does not believe in the unthinking optimism of Rousseau, nor in moral relativism, nor in religious indifferentism, nor in any similar philosophical-social principles normally associated with historic continental Liberalism. In so far as individual American liberals accept such principles, we regret this fact and there part company with them.

ALL THESE are ways in which we are not liberal, at least in the European meaning of the term. Yet there is a sense in which this magazine can only be described as liberal. In this sense, perhaps we should say that we are liberal without the capital "L"—we are liberal in an American rather than a European context. Certainly, many of the goals thought of in America as liberal are our goals, and many of the liberals' battles over the years have been our battles.

We stand for civil rights and for civil liberties, for social justice and racial equality, for international cooperation, for the rights of conscience and the utmost freedom of the human person under law. We support these things, and the means necessary to achieve them. And we have little patience with those Catholics who try to justify their own reluctance to join these battles by citing, out of context, the nineteenth century papal condemnation of continental Liberalism.

Thus it is that we often find ourselves in disagreement with many of our fellow-Catholics, not on matters of faith and morals but on issues involving practical, prudential judgments. An enthusiasm for Generalissimo Franco, for example,

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seems to be the hallmark of much of the Catholic press in this country, but we have never shared it. In some sections of the Catholic press, almost any right-wing political figure who talks loudly enough seems certain to be hailed as a great and commendable anti-Communist, but again we have always tended to view such men with a certain skepticism, placing more emphasis on deeds than on words.

Hence, we suppose, the designation of The Commonweal as liberal. And in the right context we are proud enough to carry it, even though we would hate to be identified with everything that has been done by some who called themselves liberals—with, for example, those who betrayed freedom by their apologies on behalf of Soviet tyranny before and during World War II. We want no part of such false liberalism, and never did. Instead, this magazine opposed both the Popular Front of the left, proposed by the Communists, and the Christian Front of the right, backed by Father Coughlin and his followers. On this record we would stand, and if taking these positions makes us liberal, we say good enough.

In the future, as in the past, the editors of this magazine will continue, to the best of their ability, to seek after justice and truth in the temporal order. If we are to judge by past experience, our opinions will sometimes be criticized as "too liberal"; at other times they will be damned as "too conservative." But we will always try to avoid the doctrinaire, the pat answer; the opinions that appear will continue to represent what we honestly believe. Our task, as we see it, is twofold: first of all, to stand for truth, and right, and justice, under whatever label they may be found; secondly, to try always to supply that larger context, involving a vision of man and of the meaning of history, without which liberalism and conservatism alike are incomplete.

NEXT WEEK

JACQUES MARITAIN writes about truth and fellowship in a democratic society.

"It is not unusual to meet people who think that not to believe in any truth, or not to adhere firmly to any assertion as unshakably true in itself, is a primary condition required of democratic citizens in order to be tolerant of one another and to live in peace with one another."

THE ISSUE AT LITTLE ROCK

BY HIS continued use of the National Guard, Orval Faubus, Governor of Arkansas, has joined the issue of Federal law and states' rights. When he stationed Guardsmen outside of Central High School in Little Rock, he stated that "the mission of the state militia is to maintain order. They will not act as segregationists or integrationists but as soldiers." But it was soon clear that the Guard had been instructed to "maintain order" by preventing Negro students from entering the school.

Federal Judge Ronald N. Davies requested the Justice Department to investigate in order to judge whether his previous ruling had been flouted, whether any person had hindered the integration program. For, said Judge Davies, "I have a constitutional duty and obligation from which I shall not shrink. . . . In an organized society there can be nothing but ultimate confusion and chaos if court decrees are flouted, whatever the pretext."

Governor Faubus, of course, denies that his actions follow from any pretext, or that he is defying the Federal Government. On September 8, the Sunday following the first week of school, the Governor, previously inaccessible, appeared on television. He reiterated his stand that the Guard was stationed, not to prevent integration, but to preserve peace. And he criticized his opposition outside the state, saying that they "cannot know in detail of the circumstances and conditions that exist here as I do."

That persons removed from the scene are uninformed or misinformed is often true, and this has led in the past to irresponsible charges and assertions concerning desegregation. But in this instance the Governor's statement fails to convince many who have also heard Woodrow Wilson Mann, the Mayor of Little Rock, for he rejected the Governor's claim that the Guardsmen were needed to prevent violence and called upon the President to act, saying that Governor Faubus' "words spell sedition, his defiance rebellion." In phrases which echoed those of Judge Davies he said, "I think the Governor should be stopped or we will face anarchy."

There are two principal ways in which the Governor can be "stopped." The first is by legal means, which may involve the forceful assertion of Federal law. The second, and more desirable, is by bringing the force of responsible public opinion to bear upon the Governor.

The second way of effecting a change in the

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Governor's attitude and decision, though seemingly unlikely at this moment, is preferable by far to the first. And it is the way which has been recommended and followed by those who have been labeled "moderates" in the fight for desegregation. If, by these means, desegregation fails to proceed at the "deliberate speed" enjoined by the Supreme Court, the Federal Government must, of course, act decisively. But the President is understandably reluctant to force the decision. The less pressure involved in desegregating the schools, the better will be the future relations between white and Negro students.

But the peaceful beginning of the school year at the integrated school of Clinton, Tennessee, where last year there was violence, shows that even with an unfavorable beginning real progress is possible. Desegregation in the schools must come with "all deliberate speed." Governor Faubus cannot be allowed to establish an unfortunate precedent for other States in the Union.

CONDITIONS IN HUNGARY

THE BASIS FOR a debate on Hungary in the General Assembly is the report published last June by a special U.N. committee composed of representatives of Australia, Ceylon, Denmark, Tunisia and Uruguay. Its conclusion was unanimous that last November the Soviet Union had suppressed a genuine internal revolution—which had not been supported by help from other lands —by means of "massive armed intervention." These U.N. committee members, representative of widely various currents of world culture and opinion, also found themselves in complete agreement that at no time during the uprisings had a legally constituted Hungarian Government requested Russian intervention.

The hearings on which the well-documented U.N. report is based were concluded last April. If they themselves established beyond reasonable doubt the nature of the Soviet intervention last fall, the course of events in Hungary over the past five months has supplied invaluable supplementary evidence. Did the Kadar regime, upheld by Russian arms, content itself with getting things back under control and did it then gradually relax its severity? Or have the aims of the Soviets and the determined passive resistance Kadar's rule encounters impelled it to be increasingly repressive?

A survey of developments since April brought out by the American Friends of the Captive Nations (510 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.) points in the latter direction. The U.S.S.R. now has over 80,000 troops and 20,000 technicians, advisors and M.V.D. men in Hungary; it operates a number of military prisons there, and Russian officers are in charge of all important interrogations; a large area has been set aside for nuclear-weapons training of picked Hungarian troops by Russian officers, while a number of atomic and rocket-launching sites are said to be under construction. These are among the indications that the Russians may be attempting to integrate a reformed Hungarian army into their own military machine.

As far as the Kadar regime itself goes, the struggle with the Hungarian people is intense. Deportations of young people to the Soviet Union continue. It is estimated that so far this year two thousand have been executed or sentenced to death for opposition to the government, twenty thousand thrown into prison and fifteen thousand condemned to various periods of forced labor. Workers' organizations have been dissolved and their leaders arrested. It was decreed several months ago that the death sentence may be imposed for striking or even threatening to strike. The peasants are in no better case, as non-collective farming has been forcibly reduced from ninety per cent to sixty per cent since January. Hundreds of priests in this country, in which Catholics comprise a large majority, have been imprisoned as "counter-revolutionaries"; Protestant and Jewish bodies are under similar duress.

What has transpired in Hungary since the findings of the U.N. committee strongly bears out its conclusions as to the nature of the Russian intervention and the character of the Kadar regime. Meanwhile, an unwilling Hungarian nation appears on the way to being transformed from a straight satellite of the U.S.S.R. into a Russian military protectorate.

MISS AMERICA

WE ARE STILL pondering the supercolossal Miss America pageant recently held at Atlantic City and televised coast to coast for a lavish, heavily commercialed hour and a half. We saw only a little of it, but a little was enough to shake us up.

The celebration of beauty anywhere might be thought a good thing, and a beauty contest merely a comparatively harmless expression of delight in

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the beauty of the female face and form. Perhaps it could be, but the Miss America contest wasn't anything like a simple, joyous festival. It was so serious as to be almost grim, and a huge, dreadfully complicated business, although organized with an efficiency the Pentagon might envy. The officials were solemn-faced and reverential, conscious of their parts in an affair of great consequence. The girls who aspired to the highest honor America bestows were rated according to an intricate system of categories, involving secret ballots and the dramatic opening of sealed envelopes. The tension was increased by periodic commentaries by a noted news analyst. He was shown wearing headphones, clutching a sheaf of notes and pouring his rapid-fire reports into a microphone atop a littered desk.

It seemed a parody of the American character according to our worst critics, with a trifling affirmation of pleasure in a human good perverted into a total prostration before Mammon.

Even worse, the idolatry was smeared over with the hypocrisy demanded by the American Puritan conscience. The object of the Atlantic City rites was somehow represented to include God and Americanism, service to one's fellow man and international good will. There was the virtuous insistence that the girls' possession of whistle-evoking measurements was less important than their "talents" and "personalities." This pretense was satisfied by embarrassing demonstrations of musicianship and other gifts by the young ladies, and by their pathetic replies to absurd, quasi-philosophical questions. ("What has helped you most in getting to the finals in this contest?" "My faith in God.") The winner of the contest, as the m.c. reminded us with evident moral satisfaction, thinks a woman's place is in the home.

Everything was false, hypocritical, unhealthy. The chief divinity at the boardwalk shrine may have been Diana, but the service was unmistakably American—a triumph of technology and organizational know-how, promotion by George Babbitt, inspirational talks by Elmer Gantry.

JOSEPH CLARK, EX-COMMUNIST

ANOTHER American prominent in the Communist Party in this country has resigned from the Party and from his position on the *Daily Worker*, a Communist paper. Mr. Joseph Clark has worked within and for the Communist Party for the last twenty-eight years. For eleven years he has been associated with the *Worker*, of which he was the foreign editor.

It is probably natural for anyone who makes the decision Mr. Clark has made to see his struggle in particular, personal terms. To leave an organization to which one has devoted one's youthful energies and abilities cannot be an easy task. Mr. Clark's letter not only presents the conscious, apparently objective reasons for his decision, but it also bears the marks of his own distress and fears. Mr. Clark finds it advisable to assert that "I continue to adhere as strongly as ever to the ideal which brought me into the Communist movement—a world free from poverty, racism, injustice and war." And he ends his letter by saying that such ideals motivate the majority of Communists everywhere.

But in between these statements he makes what should be for many sympathetic readers a devastating criticism of international Communism as well as of the American Communist Party. Mr. Clark was perturbed during the last convention of American Communists because they did not refute the statement of Jacques Duclos that proletarian internationalism "implies solidarity with the foreign policy of the Soviet Union." What must surprise most readers is not that the American Communist Party failed to show that it could act independently, but that Mr. Clark could have expected it to. For he gives historical examples to refute the statement of M. Duclos, but in each instance the Americans went along with Big Brother.

He also criticizes the Party by saying that it "became a sect primarily because history rode rough-shod over dogma." For most readers this criticism of the American Communist Party is too obvious to need explanation, but the criticism is equally applicable to international Communism.

Between history and the Communist dogma there has been an endless conflict. Men have been caught up in the opposition; they have been brutalized, murdered and enslaved; they have been robbed of their youth, their energies and their ideals. In its attempt to fashion history according to dogmatic tenets, the Communist juggernaut has rolled over them. Now some men are escaping from their chosen straitjackets. Each may hope that his defection will not be turned against the Party. But the collective toll of such defections and such criticisms is greater than any single person can control or measure. Mr. Clark joins the swelling ranks of those who have finally learned that the Party does not serve the ends for which they thought to join it.

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Crisis of Freedom

"ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE CONDITION, NOT ALONE OF LIBERTY, BUT OF EVERYTHING WHICH AS CIVILIZED MEN WE HOLD DEAR"

AUGUST HECKSCHER

IN ONE SENSE freedom is always in crisis, just as beauty is, and honor and truth. Eternal vigilance is the condition, not alone of liberty, but of everything which as civilized men we hold dear. Circumstances change, life flows on, and if we are not careful we wake to discover that the old forms no longer contain the vital essence. What we think we have grasped firmly has slipped irretrievably from the hand.

Today, for example, no thoughtful person can fail to be sobered by the realization of how difficult it is today to communicate the significance of liberty to peoples living outside our Western tradition. They value national independence; they are often aware—perhaps more aware than we are—of spiritual values. But the content of the word freedom as we understand it, its relevance to the life of virtue and happiness, eludes them. The question must arise in the Western mind as to whether the freedom we take for granted is really as self-evident a boon as we suppose. Are we perhaps repeating by rote a story of which we have forgotten the essential meaning?

It is a crisis of this sort to which, I suggest, we have come—an inability to communicate, a failure among those who should be the chief guardians of liberty to know what it is they guard, an inadequacy of the concepts which underlie free institutions. It is, at bottom, a crisis of philosophy and of faith.

Liberalism is the child of the Enlightenment, in which the unconscious drives of passionate men, the residues of vehemence and unreason, had no place. "There was nothing subterranean acknowledged in it," as Santayana put it, "no ultimate catastrophe, no jungle, no desert, and no laughter of the Gods." That philosophy, accordingly, was unable to see Fascism for what it was, and, in the face of overpowering proof to the contrary, it kept the hope that Communism would shed its bad manners and turn out to be something very like our own bourgeois society.

Liberalism tried hard to come to terms with a historically conditioned and value-ridden world, a world where men had powerful affections and rooted prejudices. But its base was too narrow, and its adjustments to reality either blurred its outlines or else spawned illegitimate progenies. The classic example of Liberalism's effort to adapt itself to modern conditions is, of course, the life of John Stuart Mill.

MILL HAD been reared by his father in the strict Liberal concepts: men, he was taught, were to pursue their own interests, to act upon rational calculations of the resulting pleasure or pain. The government was to restrict itself rigorously so as not to interfere with the natural harmony. The effect of this indoctrination upon a nature so essentially humane as Mill's was to induce a severe nervous breakdown at the age of twenty-three, and then to drive him, throughout a brilliant intellectual career, to an attempt to make Liberalism over.

What Mill saw clearly was that men pursuing their own interests do not invariably create harmony; on the contrary, they may well create havoc and injustice. He attempted to define the limits within which men could legitimately pursue their interests, and then he called in the state to alleviate fringe disharmonies. He permitted government to sustain by legislation the equality of opportunity upon which all else depended; he permitted it to soften the worst forms of personal insecurity and distress. But the old Liberal bias against needed social reforms remained; and the exceptions opened the way to an uncritical acceptance of state power.

The personal struggle of John Stuart Mill was written large across the nineteenth century, as a doctrine that contained the crucial elements of individualism and the free market sought to make its peace with a society where men were social beings and the market was dominated increasingly by combinations, corporations and trade unions. Nineteenth century Liberalism left a noble literature stressing personal freedom and right of dissent. But it was negative and abstract, and it left also a record of misapprehensions in the domestic and foreign field.

Mr. Heckscher, formerly Chief Editorial Writer of the N.Y. *Herald Tribune*, is now Director of the Twentieth Century Fund. This article is based on an address delivered by Mr. Heckscher at the recent Kenyon Conference on the Essentials of Freedom.

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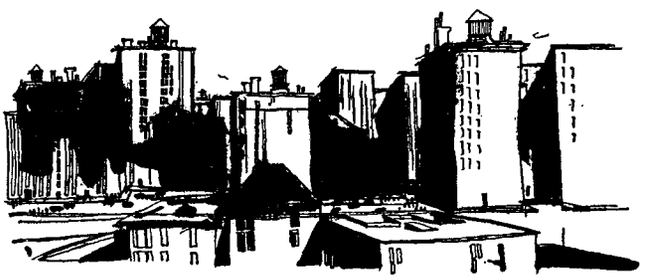
Liberalism, as a domestic creed, tended to place all its emphasis on the national parliament and to define the duty of citizenship exclusively in terms of representation and voting. For this reason it failed to nourish and cultivate the lesser groups of the social order, within which so many of the conflicts of a democracy should be resolved and so many of its responsibilities borne. The parliament became the focal point of all attention, the source of all comfort and help. Parliament, however, was not only inadequate to such a role, but found its inadequacy compounded as more and more business was thrust upon the national government.

In short, the Liberals first forbade the state to do anything; then they compelled it do everything the social order might conceivably require. Between the naked individual and the sovereign state they left no fertile middle ground in which conflicting wills could be reconciled. The individual became excessively individualistic, and the only way he could be controlled was by a government which became excessively busy.

THE DEEPEST FAILURE of Liberalism, however, was in the realm of foreign policy. Through a strange series of circumstances, Liberalism became identified with nationalism, nationalism became identified with self-determination, and presently the fabric of viable organizations and settled international habits were being torn up in the name of abstract formulas.

It was ironical that the upholders of individualism should have become the supporters of the national behemoth—the more so because it was the conservatives who had first allied themselves with nationalism



as a barrier to the heady internationalism of the French Revolution. But the Liberals made the practical observation that in countries where nationalistic sentiments had come to flourish, as in England or post-Napoleonic France, the parliamentary regime was apt to be strongest. They were right in thinking that the liberal revolution in 1848 would lead to the establishment of parliamentary institutions in Italy; they were disappointed in Germany, where unification was followed by the iron rule of Bismarck. But the relationship between nationalism and individual liberty was on the whole well founded, and the liberals were sensible enough in connecting themselves with the energies of this growing force.

It was, nevertheless, a dangerous alliance. Exacerbated feelings of nationalism could do strange things to the free conscience of the individual—to that independence of thought and judgment upon which the Liberals had placed so great an emphasis. When the nation became the supreme good, as the Dreyfus case in France made plain, the free man was in jeopardy.

But the real trouble went deeper. For the Liberals were not content to accept nations as they existed. They wanted to go out and discover nations; they even wanted to go out and make them. The nation was for them the ultimate form; it was not seen as one of many groupings, from the family to a worldly community, in which the individual could find his personality shaped and his loyalties engaged. The nation was an end in itself, not a halfway house to some larger synthesis. It was the other side of the coin of individualism, and therefore it was important that it be composed of individuals who spoke the same language and were inclined to the same beliefs. If nations were composed of diverse strains, then they must be taken apart and put together upon more rational principles. The reconciling and mediating of differences, the essence alike of politics and diplomacy, the Liberals sought to avoid by redrawing the map. They posited a homogeneous community of sovereign, individual wills. And where such a community did not exist, they fabricated it.

The peace settlements after World War I represented international Liberalism's hour of triumph. The breakdown of the colonial systems after World War II was a fitting aftermath. I am not arguing that the day of colonialism should have been indefinitely prolonged; I am only suggesting that the zeal with which the traditional Liberals in all the Western countries promoted the dissolution was somewhat excessive and that their assumptions were often mistaken. The idea persisted that parliamentary government would be assured by giving a free rein to nationalism. The making of autonomous states still seemed to represent a higher degree of virtue than, say, maintaining the equilibrium and the rooted ties of such an organization as NATO. The conviction remained that immediate national independence, even if it involved the most basic denials of freedom, was inherently and incontrovertibly better than an evolutionary colonialism with rights guaranteed and a balance within the community assured.

Within the Liberal dogmas, meanwhile, the way was prepared for the rise of the Left. Historically there is, of course, a wide divergence between Socialism and Liberalism—between Marx meditating his

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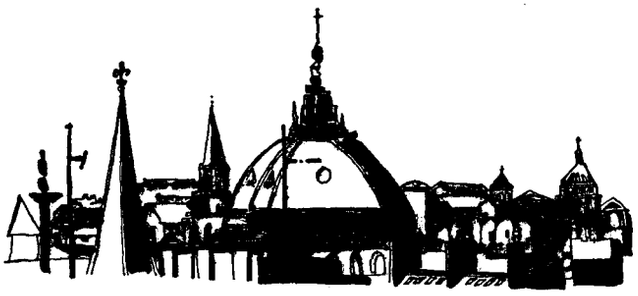
eternal conflicts in the British Museum and Mill meditating a natural harmony. But in theory there was a point of resemblance, strong enough for us to say that the Liberals nursed in their bosom the foe that was to be their undoing. For while the Liberals were going off all over Europe looking for separate nations, the Marxists looked within, and they discerned at the core of the industrial society a new nation, ready-formed and waiting to be called onto the stage.

What the Marxists saw was the nation of the workers: the proletariat—destined, as they believed, to supersede all other groups and classes and to shape the whole state in accordance with its particular values. The Liberals had themselves encouraged at home the idea of a uniformity of interests, a natural harmony of wills—as abroad they had encouraged the shaping of homogeneous nations. They had not really understood the genius of compromise, the necessity of reconciliation and adjustment between diversities. So in the face of the Marxist challenge they hesitated, and it was not until after long and painful experience that they were to see clearly the danger which they should have seen from the first moment.

I HAVE ARGUED that Liberals came to today's struggles in defense of freedom unarmed, or disarmed by illusions and by the inadequacies of their basic philosophy. As heavy a charge, it should be noted, could well be made against the Conservatives. Their view of life equipped them to understand values, to be sensitive to historical forces, to appreciate the warm and colored things of the world. But they wasted all their wisdom because they were without faith. They were born to pessimism, and their pessimisms betrayed them.

Here and there a great Conservative leader (one thinks inevitably of Churchill) was able to combine the gift of magnanimous action with a conviction that things had their own origin and could not be made or unmade according to an abstract formula. But for the most part the Conservatives were paralyzed by fear. They might have filled the nation with a consciousness of the energies springing from the diverse, ancient roots; they might have poured new life into the richly overlaid organisms of which the international order was composed. Instead they grumbled and complained; they said the free constitutional order was in peril of being overthrown by a word. When the vocal, right-wing "anti-Communists" like Senator McCarthy came along, too many Conservatives, alas, thought it was these radicals on the right who were going to save the commonwealth.

But I have said enough about the past. What we confront in the United States today are new problems, putting the interpreters of freedom to as severe a test as the struggles of past generations over social legislation or the extension of the franchise. Desegregation apart (and by isolating it I do not mean to minimize it), the issues are not in the political arena, for in politics there is a widespread—perhaps an alarmingly widespread—agreement on means as well as ends. The issues, rather, are in the moral realm and concern man's spirit.



The question we face is whether the individual of conscience and conviction is any longer to have a place in our society. And our difficulty is that the political traditions inherited from the nineteenth century do not give us the light we need. Among the upholders of freedom the Conservative tradition discounts too cynically the individual's capacity for disinterestedness and magnanimity. The Liberal tradition treats the individual too abstractly, a calculating automaton cut off from the social context.

WHAT IS HAPPENING to the once-free man? We all know the answer currently given. He is being submerged, it is said, in the group. He has ceased to worry about getting on and worries instead about getting *in*. The lust for popularity has taken the place of lust for power, and the dream of security has succeeded the dream of success. There may be some exaggeration in all this; but I must say many of the current trends are disturbing enough. I mention three, each one of which is a kind of grotesque parody of what we might have expected of the free citizen.

First, the move to the suburbs. Here is twentieth century man escaping from the anonymity and purposelessness of the great city, owning his own plot of land, cultivating his own garden. But what is the result? Instead of being more independent, he is the slave of the most belittling social pressures, imparting to the suburban life the tone of gray anxiety and dull conformity which hangs over its growing expanse more heavily than city smoke.

Secondly, the extension of leisure time. Here is our free man having at his disposal the gift of the gods, time to be himself, time to invite his soul, to indulge his fancy in humorous or eccentric expression. But again, the result is not liberation. It is the spectacle of millions listening to some television program,

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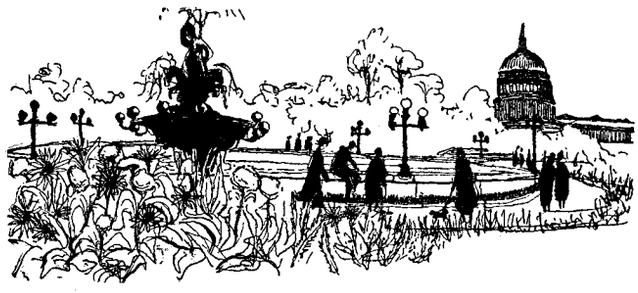
crowding the highways in search of the same means of escape.

Take, finally, the immense abundance of goods with which the modern citizen has been showered. Is this wide choice a means of confirming and expressing the personality, of giving a sense of ease and freedom in daily living? Too often it is merely a source of fresh anxieties, with the consumer looking upon material things more as symbols of prestige and acceptance—badges of belonging—than as reflections of what he is and what he values. The old way of possessing a thing, of keeping it and loving it and putting the marks of one's spirit upon it, had certainly its drawbacks, and led down the path of covetousness and materialism. The way we associate with the American of an earlier generation—discarding things ruthlessly, wasting them prodigally—had its drawbacks too, but at its best there was in it a fine unworldliness of disdain. Is there anything, however, to be said for this new way, this joyless acquisitiveness, with things owned and yet not owned, disposed of as fast as they are acquired at the behest of the advertiser or under the pressure of group compulsion?

The individual puts himself in the mood to be fooled, and there are many who are fully prepared to fool him. We listen, somewhat incredulously, to reports of the psychological studies being conducted by those who would influence the choice of the consumer—employing methods by which the subconscious is directly reached and acted upon. Prospective purchasers are deliberately encouraged to enter into a kind of trance, susceptible to the lure of "impulse buying." What began when the citizen sacrificed independence in the hope of gaining security, ends with him a puppet of "hidden persuaders."



We pride ourselves upon being a society without social or economic classes. We rejoice in an equality seldom matched in history. But an equality among men who are not free souls is a dangerous illusion. A sensitive observer from abroad remarked to me the other day that what struck him most forcibly on revisiting the United States was the increasing gap between the masses and the small, highly educated elite. In our educational system he saw a tendency to produce vast numbers of amiable but intellectually undisciplined boys and girls, together with a minority destined to proceed to the heights of the most advanced scientific and administrative training. In our consuming public he saw an immense flock of sheep led about by the nose. One may deny such things; but the fact remains that a social order which creates equality without creating character opens itself to the domination of the unscrupulous or the merely clever.

THE PRESENT charge against the modern generation is the degree to which it lives and moves in groups. In this fact, too, there is something ironic. Is it so fatal to be group conscious? Not long since, many of us who are concerned by present trends were equally concerned by an excess of rugged individualism. We sought men with the capacity to submerge themselves, to achieve a sense of participation and cooperation in the midst of social entities larger than themselves. But the group life we witness today is not that of free spirits combining for purposeful ends; it is rather the coming together of men and women desperately afraid of being lost in the mass. They are human beings with some of their humanity worn off by the incessant pressures and demands—the glaring lights, the loud voices, the blatant appeals—of the modern social order, and they seek any shelter rather than the ultimate indignity of being lost. Therefore they strive pathetically to belong—not knowing quite what it is they want to belong to, nor how to keep themselves within the boundaries of the uncertain and shifting group.

As equality without moral autonomy is subservience, so group life without moral autonomy is a pathetic nervousness and conformity. Every development taking place in today's America will be distorted, every hopeful impulse shadowed, unless at the heart of them there is the whole citizen, the independent being who will stand and not bow down. We can still make of our suburbs a new and satisfying community; of our free time a creative leisure; of our technology a force ministering to the deep needs of man. We can do these things, but only if we recover something of the clearness and hardness, something of the angularity and the cussedness, which has always characterized the free man.

Some concepts of an elite are obviously dangerous. But in the end, I am convinced, it is an elite of the spirit that will save us, or nothing will. And such an elite is bound to make itself seen and felt.

In human affairs there is a recurrence of moods and seasons; the one thing sure of today's fashion is that it will pass, and of yesterday's fashion, that it will return. These ideals of domesticity we now find elevated, the goal of security that seems unchallenged, will breed their inevitable reaction. The New Puritanism — for there will inevitably emerge a new Puritanism to replace the old hedonism—will have unattractive features, and will itself give way in time to something more

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iumane and warm-hearted. But it will serve its pur-
ɔose, sweeping through its day like a harsh and invigo-
ating wind.

What can we do to serve liberty in our day? A cer-
ain obduracy, a capacity for quiet resistance, and abil-
ty to define one's identity and keep it amid the glare
ınd noise—these are today among the characteristics
ɔf the free man. Recently I read a report of a sermon
ɔy Paul Tillich in which he declared that the answer to
oneliness is not crowds; it is solitude. Here, surely,
here is a lesson for modern man.

We all know how subtly a revolt against snobbish-
ness turns into a kind of snobbishness of its own. So
the revolt against conformity can become a new con-
formity, and withdrawal from the crowd can become
an act of negation rather than fulfillment. The line be-
tween righteousness and self-righteousness has, let us
remember, always been razor-thin. The task of the free
individual today is to be part of his time, sympathetic to
its inner tendencies and enthusiasms, yet still resistant
to its pressures—to be deeply a part of things yet not
wholly of them. If this is a paradox, it is one of the
fine paradoxes, one of the profound contradictions, that
has always lain at the heart of freedom.

ERA OF CHANGE

The Parish Pattern

MICHAEL FURLONG

AMERICAN PASTORS seldom write about their work. They lack the time, or the inclination, or both, and most of them are not, in any case, willing to unveil to the reading public their own pastoral speculations and private soul-searchings. There are exceptions, like Father Leo Trese, the author of *Vessel of Clay* and other books, who found it possible for a time at least to be both a working pastor and a very articulate expositor of the pastoral and priestly life. But he had the field practically to himself.

This unavoidable or deliberate reticence on the part of American priests is regrettable. Not only are we deprived of much entertaining reading, but a more general exchange of ideas and experiences could be very useful. A good example is *Journal of a Southern Pastor* by Father J. B. Gremillion (Fides. $3.95.). This book is in part an account of a new parish and how it grew, under imaginative management. It is also an unstudied, kaleidoscopic display of a pastor's thoughts about his job, thoughts that are fervent, expansive, anxious, searching and unfinished.

The pastoral function cannot be defined once and for all. It is variable and expansible, from time to time, from place to place. This last statement will sound breezy and inane to the priest who was recently called to my attention because he has eighteen hundred families in his charge and not so much as a tent in which to assemble them; his is strictly a brick-and mortar assignment, certainly, at least for the moment. Another pastor of my acquaintance has his church and his school, but he is looking frantically for a few reasonably literate young women to fill in the gaps in his teaching staff. One way or another, the basic essentials can exhaust a pastor's ingenuity, resources and time, although there is some difference of opinion as to what are the basic essentials.

But after these basic essentials are decided upon and brought under control, a pastor confronts a wide choice of possible additions to his parish program. Shall he devote himself to youth or adults? To adult education or a practical liturgical program? Should he provide a library? What about the C.F.M., the sodality, the Holy Name Society, the public high school kids, the census? Should he work harder to make converts? Should he devote more time to the sick? The P.T.A.? A man cannot do everything, and these are a few of the possible choices he must make.

BY COMPARISON with the problems of many present-day parishes, I think the parish to which I was affiliated at the age of three weeks some fifty years ago was a simple and stable, if not downright staid, operation. The elementary school proceeded on an even keel. There were four Sunday Masses, confessions once a week, a ready response to sick calls, provision for baptisms and marriages and funerals. There were a couple of lay organizations with modest programs and limited membership. For several years there was a parish baseball team. There were the

Michael Furlong is the pseudonym of a priest of the Archdiocese of Chicago who writes often on social problems and the lay apostolate.

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periodic bazaar and mission, the one for supplementing revenue, the other for recovering backsliders and stirring up the devout a bit. Souls were being saved, unquestionably; also unspectacularly. The people were given pretty much what they wanted, and for the most part they allowed custom and the mind of the pastor to define their wants. Lay initiative? It was not altogether lacking. Yet I can remember only one important project of lay inspiration which gathered any steam at all. This was the parish gymnasium, which got so far as to be discussed once or twice at a general meeting before it was laid to rest with decorum and finality.

The parish pattern is not altogether different today. Change is neither universal nor sudden nor uniform. But change there is, of one kind or another. Some of it flows out of the more profound ideas we have of the Church and the Church's function; these ideas eventually get down to the level of the working clergy. Some quick changes have come from the practical rulings of the present Pope regarding Mass, the fast before Communion, the celebration of Holy Week; a neighboring parish, for example, has a couple of hundred people receiving Communion every evening at a six o'clock Mass.

Some changes in the patterns of our parishes are due to shifts in population. The vacuum in town created by the movement to the suburbs suggests a strenuous mission effort, often quite successful. In the suburbs themselves the centrifugal stampede means a quick demand for buildings and services, but also a lot of fresh starts with eager, adaptable people and a natural sense of community. The exhortations of the Popes and the better education of the laity persuade some pastors to share ideas, responsibility and decisions with their people. Some are trying to give their congregations a more active and intelligent share in the liturgy.

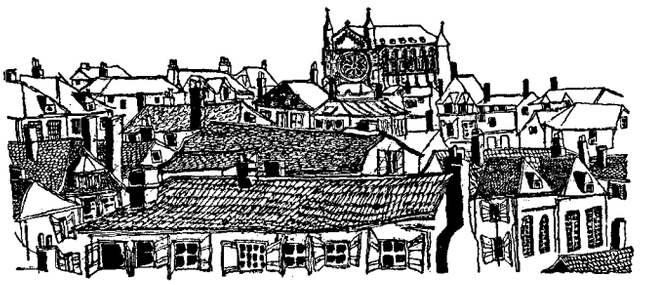
One bishop who despaired for the moment of breathing life into a few somnolent parishes wondered out loud recently whether the parish was on its way out; whether there was any use in placing our reliance on the parish for the future. But he was not really very serious. The Church gets quite a few things done outside the parish, and not as much as might be desired inside, but no one has come up with a substitute for the parish structure. Outside the parish are higher education, the Catholic press, most welfare agencies, social action groups, the training of priests and religious, and a few other things. That still leaves to the parish the chief responsibility for the caliber, vitality and growth of Catholicism.

True enough, some city parishes resemble service stations. They lack all aspect of community, but at least they provide people, sometimes many people, with the sacraments, and they have their place. Of course, if they were to become the dominant type, if pastors generally should content themselves with the role of distributing grace, via the sacraments, to such as come, we would be in for a serious slump. Fortunately, however, the trend is in the opposite direction. Some may not be aware of this fact, because they live in a parish where everything proceeds with mechanical precision, even as in grandfather's day. But move around a little, and you will see signs of thoughtfulness, adaptation to the needs and possibilities of the times, and new and vital experiments involving the people in intelligent roles.

FATHER GREMILLION bears witness to this more ambitious pastoral outlook. He is not typical, yet his frame of mind is not unique. There are others who presume with him the fundamental business of building and operating and paying for church, school, rectory and convent. Though few, if any, do so as completely, there are others, too, who inform their people on the physical and financial progress of the parish. (The fund-raising companies have taught us the psychological soundness of involving the people actively, thoroughly, intelligently in financial drives.) But Father Gremillion is uniquely frank in revealing the additional matters which burden his mind. How can the middle- and upper-middle-class parish realize its full potential? How far can the laity be introduced to the riches of Catholic doctrine and Catholic life? How can they be delivered from mediocrity and led to genuine holiness? How can one remove their blind spots and prejudices? How fully can a parish, chiefly through its laity, serve the outward thrust of Christ's Church into our contemporary world?

I am not suggesting that these questions constitute the dominant theme of rectory conversations throughout the land. Nevertheless, they are on the minds of not a few priests, and at least a few pastors—more or less clearly formulated. The thinking behind the questions is the subject of innumerable magazine articles, and is part of the premise of the new lay groups. Something is in the wind.

Without doubt, much of this ambitious, questioning, open-minded mood stems from the more profound concept of the Church which has emerged from papal



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documents and theological treatises during the past few years. In his *Lay People in the Church,* Father Yves Congar has recounted how this new self-consciousness has developed inside the Church. Until very recently, it was the habit of writers on the Church, in seminary manuals and popular catechisms alike, to put all their emphasis on the juridical institution and neglect the idea of supernatural community. The divinely established teaching and ruling authority of the Church, centered in the Pope and the bishops, was under attack; it had to be defended. By contrast, *Southern Pastor* recurs often and easily to the notion of the Church as the Mystical Body. It is hard for some of us to remember that the encyclical on the mystical body is only fifteen years old, and that thirty years ago this magnificent doctrine rated only a page in our seminary textbook. Today *Mystici Corporis* is as necessary to any serious thinking on the Church as is the parish car for going on sick calls.

Pope Leo XIII sent us back to Thomism, where the Church is described, very briefly, to be sure, in terms of Head and members. St. Pius X set the Church the goal of restoring all things in Christ, and by his stress on the liturgy he opened our eyes to the Church's most exalted activity and her greatest source of vitality, from which the laity too should draw light and inspiration. Pius XI hammered away at Catholic Action, essentially a recognition of the laity's responsible, positive function in the Church—a point long obscured, while "the Church" was identified too exclusively with the hierarchy. Pope Pius XII, finally, has brought us a long way toward a more profound and balanced understanding of the nature and purposes of the Church, with a long series of addresses and letters, crowned by *Mystici Corporis* and *Mediator Dei.* Beyond his predecessors he has enhanced the place in the Church of the laity, who "ought to have an ever more clear consciousness, not only of belonging to the Church but of being the Church, that is, the community of the faithful" under Pope and bishops. As a result of Papal teaching at the top, pastorals and remarks of bishops on the next level, some pioneering theological studies a step below, and a good deal of popular writing about Catholic Action and the like, we are gradually coming to see the Church not only as the fixed, authoritative establishment "out there" but as a living, thinking, loving, praying, growing unity encompassing us all.

This new, comprehensive view of the parish, I grant you, is a long way from being the common property of Catholics. It is, necessarily, in the background of *Southern Pastor* and of many a pastor's approach to his job. In the foreground are the practical realities of his situation—financial problems, managing a million-dollar property, staffing the school, the inescapable demands on his time by matters both petty and important, the obstacles provided by the habits of his people, their aversion to change, thought and responsibility. A man with ideas could conceive all sorts of valuable activities and developments in his parish—if he had unlimited help and resources. Practically, he has to choose. But new ideas are at work.

BEYOND THE STAPLES of parochial activity, Father Gremillion has, for his part, made some interesting experiments in setting up lines of communication with his people. He has faced up to the great stumbling block—the racial problem—and tried hard to make his people see what is demanded of Christians. But he has devoted much of his energy to a broad program of adult learning, original and ambitious—his "Collegium" and allied activities. Explaining his choice, he notes that most of his people have secular college educations and very little knowledge of things Catholic. Yet their intellectual potential is high, and they have an apostolate to the non-Catholic community. One important way they can begin to exercise this apostolate is by bringing non-Catholics to participate in the panels and discussions of the Collegium—which includes in its investigations science, art, and literature, as well as philosophy and theology.

No two parishes are exactly alike. A pastor needs discernment in setting up his extra-canonical activities (canon law doesn't ask very much). It seems to me that whatever else he contrives to accomplish, he should in every case set out to acquaint his people with the liturgy, instructing, explaining, exhorting, giving them an increasingly active, intelligent and satisfying part in the Sunday Masses and in the extraordinary celebrations that take place throughout the year. This is the very heart of a fully realized Catholic life, as we have been told, off and on, for fifty years. It is also the key to lay participation in every other phase of the Church's work—the family apostolate, the social apostolate, the intellectual apostolate, the apostolate of conversion, the penetration of Christ into our own lives and into the life of the world around us.

The Church today can accomplish much more—though not everything—at the parochial level than it did in grandfather's day, when its passive flock grazed in restricted pastures. We are becoming conscious of what the status of the laity should be, and of their considerable potential. Who knows what an aroused laity can accomplish, by way of helping the pastor and branching out into new activities? There is, of course, no quick, easy way to unlock this potential. It will require a lot of laborious formation, and various kinds of motivation can be employed. But the main impetus will be derived from an active, intelligent participation in the liturgy. From this will come the light and inspiration and strength that are needed to make our parishes what they should be.

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THE SCREEN

NO CHOO-CHOO TO CHATTANOOGA

ANOTHER OF THOSE fine westerns on the a-man-must-stand-up theme is to be found in "3:10 to Yuma." It is set in Arizonia in the midst of a drought, vividly visualized in shots of dry, dusty soil and lean cattle. Van Heflin, who has worked hard on his ranch, is desperate as he sees his cattle dying and his pretty wife (Leora Dana) aging in her efforts to make a good home for their two little boys in this rugged country. The home situation grows tense when Van and his young sons witness a gang of outlaws robbing a stage and ruthlessly killing the driver. Van's wife and boys feel he should have gone to the defense of the victims, but Van feels it would have been foolhardy to risk his neck. He is instrumental later, however, in capturing the outlaw leader (Glenn Ford). And still later, when the owner of the stage line offers a two hundred dollar bounty (the very amount Van needs to buy water rights for his ranch!) for taking Ford on the 3:10 train from Contention City to the prison in Yuma, it is only Van and the town drunk (Henry Jones) who will accept the job.

Most of "3:10 to Yuma" takes place in Contention, as cheerless and desolate a western town as any you've seen since "High Noon" (which this film resembles). Its citizens, frightened of the fracas that's bound to occur, have left the streets empty—except when the funeral procession of the murdered stage-coach driver goes by. Director Delmer Daves has made the most of the grim setting, Halsted Welles' sparse, well-written script (based on a story by Elmore Leonard) and the acting abilities of a good cast. Glenn Ford is excellent as the wily, cynical outlaw who has contempt for all men and is sure that his gang will rescue him and that his captors can be bought off with a large-enough bribe. Equally excellent is Van Heflin as the struggling rancher who is first interested only in the bounty money, but then realizes that Ford and his kind must be delivered into the hands of the law if the community is to be kept safe and decent for his family—and even for his less worthy neighbors.

Director Daves builds up tremendous suspense. Is the man sleeping in the lobby of the hotel (where Van has taken a room to guard his prisoner until the 3:10 comes in) a member of the outlaw gang? Will Van accept the bribe and proposition so carefully worded by the outlaw leader (who is also something of a psychologist)? The wait in the hotel room seems endless as the minutes tick by. Although the finale has a touch of sentiment out of keeping with the rest of this western, "3:10 to Yuma" is on the whole a happy combination of thoughtful story and exciting cinema.

IF IT'S sentiment the audience wants, they can get their fill of it in "The Spanish Gardener," an English picture handsomely filmed in VistaVision and Technicolor in Spain. Based on A. J. Cronin's novel, it wallows in old-fashioned story-telling devices and black-and-white characters. Though given scant opportunity to exhibit range under Philip Leacock's direction, its principal players are good as far as they go. Michael Hordern is the father, bitter against the world because his wife left him and he has been assigned, in spite of his years in the service, to a minor consular post in Spain—a martinet who insists on devotion from the young son he treats almost as an invalid. Jon Whitely is the sensitive boy longing for love and companionship. Dick Bogarde is the Spanish gardener, a warm, likable man, who understands the boy's loneliness and gives the eager child the friendship and manly guidance he needs. What happens when the evil chauffeur (Cyril Cusack) steals the boy's watch and plants it in the gardener's jacket is pure melodrama that leads to union between the softened father and the boy. Adults may get impatient with "The Spanish Gardener" for its one-dimensional characters but they will agree with its main point about everyone's need for love and they will enjoy its beautiful shots of Spain.

SWINGING to the opposite pole in grim pessimism is "The Roots," a Mexican film produced by Manuel Barbachano, who made the remarkable picture about bullfighting called "Torero!" Based on four short stories by Francisco Gonzales, "The Roots" attempts to show native Mexicans as they live today, with their mixture of old and new backgrounds and civilizations. "The Cows" tells the distressing tale of a poverty-stricken couple with a hungry baby and the husband's unhappiness when the wife hires herself out as a wet nurse. "Our Lady" is about a rather stupid American student studying the Tzotzil Indians for an anthropology thesis; returning a year later, she realizes she underestimated the complexities of these "savages" when she sees on the church altar a stolen reproduction of the Mona Lisa, which they venerate as a picture of the Blessed Virgin. The third and most depressing story is "One-Eyed," about a little boy who is treated with shocking cruelty by the other children because he has only one eye. After a sorcerer fails to cure the eye, the heartbroken boy and his mother make a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Three Kings, certain that a miracle will take place. In their estimation it does occur when fireworks at the celebration put out the boy's other eye—because from now on his playmates won't tease him, because everyone is kind to the blind. Most of the final, sensational story, "The Filly," takes place among the ruins

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f Tajin in Yucatan where a European archaeologist oes berserk out of desire for a native Indian girl. ıfter an unsuccessful attempt at rape (shown in vivid etail), this psychotic man goes to the girl's father nd offers to buy her, suggesting that this cross-breed-ıg will improve the inferior Indian stock. The stounded Indian meets the situation by offering to uy the archaeologist's wife because improvement ı cross-breeding could work both ways.

Using well its Mexican settings, "The Roots" also ses non-professional Mexican actors, some of whom, ınder Benito Alazraki's direction, effectively convey he spirit of these simple, dignified, religious, hard-vorking people, but some of whom dish up a brand ›f ham that is too amateurish for conviction. If pro-lucer Barbachano meant to attract and interest audi-ɔnces in Mexico, he hardly succeeded. In spite of the ·ealism of the backgrounds and natives, "The Roots" goes so far out of its way not to be sentimental that when it isn't lurid it seems to have the coldness of death.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

OF NOTE

SILENCE AND SHAME

WHEN DOROTHY DAY was imprisoned in New York, not long ago, The Commonweal deplored the fact that scarcely any Catholics raised their voices to protest [July 26, Aug. 16]. One of the few protests raised was the editorial "Silence and Shame" which appeared in the August 3 issue of the Boston *Pilot* (49 Franklin St., Boston 10, Mass.). Miss Day has by now served her prison sentence and been released, but we think the editorial important enough to reprint this substantial excerpt for our readers.

For those with a sense of history, a term in prison may or may not be a stigma. Most of the patriots and many of the saints have at one time or another felt the burden of detention behind the iron curtain of the law. Our days are no exception to this ancient rule and everyone who reads is familiar with the list that has run from Berlin to Buenos Aires and from Moscow to Peking.

Americans, however, who often feel that they were the ones who discovered democracy, if not the first to make it work, cannot imagine, at least in our times, such a thing as imprisonment of dissenters for views conscientiously held. In our community we have always found room for an extraordinary variety of personal beliefs—the Christian Scientist who refuses vaccination, the Jehovah's Witness who will not salute the flag, the Quaker who will not bear arms, the Seventh Day Adventist who desecrates the Sabbath by labor, and so on down the list. Only when these become problems with a "clear and present danger" attached do we feel normally compelled to take action—if the Christian Scientist should provoke an epidemic, the Witness should be guilty of treason, the Quaker desert to the enemy, or the Adventist become a public nuisance. Otherwise we respect the consciences of our neighbors even when, as often, we find them incomprehensible.

This immense tradition of civic tolerance makes all the more inexplicable the case of Dorothy Day, . . . surrounded by a silence which is a shame to America. Everyone must know that Dorothy Day, who is a Christian pacifist and the founder of the *Catholic Worker,* has long opposed the immorality of modern war and with special intensity the threat of atomic conflict. During the New York civil defense preparations a few weeks ago Dorothy and some of her followers, as she had warned in advance, refused to take shelter during the practice raid. She was brought before a civil magistrate, verbally abused, and sent off to spend thirty days in jail. She announced the reason for her action as an attempt to dramatize the essential immorality of thermonuclear warfare and to warn a world drifting toward its own destruction. For Dorothy Day, this is no pose taken for publicity purposes but an iron conviction already made plain through a life of total dedication to the poorest and most abject victims of the American social structure.

For our part, we have never been able to accept Dorothy Day's full plea for pacifism, but the purity of her intentions and the sincerity of her soul glow with a true Christian light, and here is the kind of faith that truly moves mountains. Why, we ask, has American justice imprisoned a conscience so clear and a life so holy? Was her little protest—one aging woman and a dozen faithful hearts—a threat to the security of New York or America? Were graying Dorothy Day and her handful of pacifists, a "clear and present danger"? Or is it true, as we are told over and over, that the mold of "conformity" in our present culture sets out to destroy what it cannot shape to itself?

The conscience of Dorothy Day is clear—can we say the same of our own? If America was alive to the freedom flames in which it was born and if Christian hearts could still recognize the authentic love of the Master, there would be a line of people that would stretch from that steaming cell where she is imprisoned up through the great avenues of Manhattan. Each one might bear in hand a cup of water . . . "I was in prison and you visited me . . . But when, Lord, were you in prison? . . . What you did to the least of these . . . you did to Me."

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Prince of French Critics?

MARTIN TURNELL

CHARLES MAURRAS once wrote, "It will perhaps be our criticism which most fittingly will last longest. A Sainte-Beuve and a Renan will stand a good chance of making posterity one day forget the Flauberts, the Leconte de Lisles and even the Hugos." The French are sometimes modest about their imaginative writers; they are seldom modest about their literary critics. They have long regarded themselves as the great masters of criticism, and until recently no one has ventured to challenge their supremacy. There was actually a time when Brunetière and Faguet ranked as great critics, though they now appear to be two of the worst critics who ever achieved a European reputation.

The French hegemony explains to some extent the unique position once occupied by Sainte-Beuve. When he died in 1869 Amiel could describe him, without fear of contradiction, as "the prince of French critics." Amiel's view was endorsed by a succession of French writers. Although Proust composed his devastating attack (which was published in 1954 under the title of *Contre Sainte-Beuve*) in the early years of the present century, Sainte-Beuve's authority does not appear to have been publicly questioned until after the first world war. Sir Harold Nicolson tells us (*Sainte-Beuve*. By Harold Nicolson. Doubleday. $5.) that even today his position is secure with the older generation of Frenchmen, but that the modern generation find his theories "unpalatable and therefore unimportant." Sir Harold sides with the older generation and says that he was "impelled" to write the present volume as a debt of gratitude for the pleasure and instruction that Sainte-Beuve's criticism has given him.

Sainte-Beuve was one of the first critics to insist on the paramount importance of a writer's life for an understanding of his work. His own life and work were closely intertwined, which makes him a particularly good subject for a critical biography. And it can go down on the credit side of his account that he has inspired Sir Harold to give us a full-length portrait which is drawn with the urbanity, penetration and wit that we have learned to expect of its author.

On the surface Sainte-Beuve's career looks like a success story. He was recognised as one of the coming French critics before he was out of his twenties; he had the satisfaction of refusing the Legion of Honor when he was thirty-four, and he was elected to the French Academy before he was forty. In his last years he received a reward which is seldom bestowed on literary critics—he was made a member of the Senate. There is, however, a much less happy side to the picture. He failed to make the grade either as a poet or a novelist, and never recovered from the disappointment. He was ugly, unpopular, and suffered from a most distressing physical disability. Although he was fond of women, his exceptional ugliness and his disability prevented him from founding a home of his own and kept him hanging round other men's wives.

"He enjoyed perching on the edge of other people's nests," said André Maurois acidly. He did not always remain on the edge. His seduction of the wife of his friend Victor Hugo is a particularly discreditable incident which Sir Harold makes no attempt to excuse. It has been suggested that his real motive was to pay Hugo out for succeeding in a field where he himself had come to grief. Whether this is true or not, Sainte-Beuve was certainly not indulgent to the writings of the husband whom he had so grievously injured. He pursued him with the same pettiness and spite he revealed against all the other great contemporaries—Constant, Stendhal and Balzac—who had outshone him as imaginative writers.

SIR HAROLD is too honest to gloss over Sainte-Beuve's failings, and too generous not to make allowances for extenuating circumstances. But Sainte-Beuve is not an endearing figure. He was, says Sir Harold, "envious, disloyal and resentful" and "much disliked by his friends." Not only by his friends. When he was appointed to the Chair of Latin Poetry at the Collège de France, he aroused such violent antipathy among the students that there was a riot which had to be quelled by the police.

Sir Harold's estimate of Sainte-Beuve's work is sympathetic and perceptive. He confesses that he is bored by the doctrine of Grace, but rightly describes *Port-Royal* as Sainte-Beuve's masterpiece. It is a masterpiece in a category which is not altogether easy to define. It is part religious history, part biography, and part criticism. It revealed the Jansenist controversy in a new light, and though the studies of Corneille, Molière and Racine are in a way digressions, they

Mr. Turnell, a well-known English critic, is the author of *Baudelaire* and of *The Novel in France*.

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ontain some of his most impressive criticism. Sainte-Beuve wrote best when his own emotions were actively ngaged. Although he was heartily sick of the Jan-enists long before he finished his vast undertaking, /e may doubt whether his own unbelief was ever as omplete as he pretended or whether he ever really vercame his nostalgia for religion. It is certainly his oncern with the religious element which gives his liscussion of the three seventeenth-century masters ts special value. This criticism may be less "literary" han some of the criticism in the *Lundis,* but it seems o me more illuminating.

Sir Harold's preference, understandably enough, is for the *Lundis.* No one who works on authors on whom Sainte-Beuve has written can afford not to look up what he has said, but his limitations are more serious than Sir Harold allows and go far beyond "envy" or a "classical bias." Sainte-Beuve was one of the originators of that form of "psychological biography" for which the French are justly famed, but he wasted far too much time on minor writers because they provided better opportunities for psychological biography than most of the masters. He also spent too much time grubbing up facts and retailing anecdotes about his authors to save himself the effort of making serious judgments on their work, which is why he must be held responsible for a great deal of the "academic" criticism which was subsequently produced in France.

Nor does personal spite account for anything like all Sainte-Beuve's notorious mistakes about contemporary writers. The truth is that his range of sympathy was far narrower than is generally realized. Once he turned from established reputations to contemporary literature he lost his bearings, His taste was little better than that of the average middle-brow patron of the lending library. It is not surprising that he found Flaubert and Balzac too "tough"—he complained that their novels were not "consoling"—and Baudelaire frankly incomprehensible.

Sir Harold himself seems to have some doubts about the proper assessment of Sainte-Beuve. He concludes that he was "if not the greatest literary critic, then assuredly the greatest guide to literature of the nineteenth century." I do not quarrel with the description of him as a "guide," but the word "great" I must firmly reject.

COLMAN THE HERMIT

Colman of Galway,
Pledged to be
Addict of chosen poverty,
Living single in his wattled cell,
Yet had creatures
To serve him well;
Kept three friends
To cheer his house—
A cock, a fly,
And a Galway mouse.

Colman the schoolman
Told the cock:
"Crow me for Matins. Be my clock."
Said to the mouse, "At midnight creep
To wake me, praying,
From sloven sleep.
And when I read
In the Books of Grace,
Let the fly hover
To keep my place."

Colman, with three
To teach or bless,
Throve in learning and holiness.
On honey and mead he fed the fly,
Praised the mouse
For his bright eye,
Bade cock follow
Where he went,
Loved the Lord
And was content.

But after a season,
One by one
As failed each small companion,
Colman, being but human still,
Wrote to the Abbot
Columcille,
"I grieve a little
On my gray rock
For fly and mouse
And the crowing cock."

Answered the Abbot
Soothingly,
"Look what a trouble wealth can be!
See how sadly is treasure bought.
While he with nothing
Mourns for naught,
You who were rich
Lament your store.
Colman, dear man,
Be rich no more."

Thenceforth, paupered
Without complaint,
Colman lived and died a saint.

PHYLLIS MCGINLEY.

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A Synoptic View of Criticism

ANATOMY OF CRITICISM: FOUR ESSAYS. By Northrop Frye. Princeton. $6.

By VIVIAN MERCIER

READING this book constituted for me an experience that I hope is humbling but that may, I fear, be simply humiliating. Nearly every one of its three hundred and fifty pages contains some passage which I have underlined or otherwise noted with approval. If I have misunderstood any of those pages, no blame can attach to Professor Frye's lucidity and wit. Yet *Anatomy of Criticism* is simply overpowering in the originality of its main concepts, and dazzling in the brilliance of its applications of them. Here is a book fundamental enough to be entitled *Principia Critica.*

Perhaps the logical place to begin is at the table of contents. The titles of the four essays are "Historical Criticism: Theory of Modes"; "Ethical Criticism: Theory of Symbols"; "Archetypal Criticism: Theory of Myths"; "Rhetorical Criticism: Theory of Genres." These Mr. Frye regards as the four indispensable types of criticism; his chief purpose is to show how all four complement one another in their manifold interrelationships. As he says in his "Polemical Introduction," he is attempting both to prove that "a synoptic view" of criticism is possible and "to provide a tentative version" of such a view.

I do not believe that Mr. Frye's conception of the nature and function of literature and literary criticism differs fundamentally from that of René Wellek and Austin Warren in their *Theory of Literature.* (All three writers at any rate insist on the autonomy of literature and on its right to be judged by purely literary standards.) But the methods of the two books could hardly be more different. Messrs. Wellek and Warren employ the inductive method: they take such careful note of what literary criticism already *has done* that their conscientious footnotes and invaluable bibliography swell to one-third the length of their text. Mr. Frye on the other hand, adopts the deductive method: he develops his ideas of what criticism *should do,* includes few footnotes, and offers no bibliography at all. While Wellek and Warren explicitly reject the drawing of too close an analogy between the methods of literary history and those of the natural sciences, their book is undoubtedly haunted by the ghost of that analogy. Mr. Frye, however, is very explicit about his favorite analogy: "Literature, like mathematics, is a language, and a language in itself represents no truth, though it may provide the means for expressing any number of them."

Mr. Frye is a system-builder, and one who erects his superstructure on a foundation of Aristotle and whatever else he finds still valid in traditional grammar and rhetoric. In his first essay he distinguishes five literary "modes" which he believes form a historical sequence in the fifteen centuries of Western European literature, as they also did in the preceding era of Greco-Roman literature. These modes he describes successively as mythic; romantic (legend, medieval romance); high mimetic (tragedy, epic); low mimetic (comedy, realistic fiction); and ironic. They may be distinguished by the attributes of their heroes, who are, respectively, gods; legendary "heroes" with magical power over their environment; men superior to their fellow men but not to their environment; men like ourselves; and, finally, men inferior to ourselves, "so that we have the sense of looking down on a scene of bondage, frustration, or absurdity." The last mode clearly includes most fiction and drama from Flaubert to Beckett.

In the second essay Frye adapts to his purposes the familiar medieval scheme of literal, allegorical, moral, and anagogic meanings. How can one employ anagogic interpretation without stepping entirely outside the literary frame of referen —a practice Frye regards as taboc By conceiving of literature "as ex isting in its own universe, no longe a commentary on life or reality but containing life and reality in system of verbal relationships. Furthermore, because of the natur of metaphor, the literary univers "is a universe in which everythin is potentially identical with every thing else." Cassirer's view that "a genuinely human symbol is characterized not by its uniformity but by its versatility" appears to be thus carried to its logical conclusion.

In the essay on myth, systematization is pushed far beyond a mere fourfold or fivefold classification: the diagram now approximates a compass card, on which the four cardinal points are Irony or Satire (North, Winter), Comedy (East, Spring), Romance (South, Summer, the opposite pole of Irony), Tragedy (West, Autumn, the opposite of Comedy). Each of these four archetypal myths of plot-structures has six phases—three on each side, so to speak. For instance, three of the phases of Comedy draw close to Romance, whereas the other three tend toward Irony and Satire. The scheme is perhaps over-neat, but Mr. Frye in his introduction declines to apologize for the avowedly schematic nature of the book.

Only the fourth essay deals with the subjects one expects to see discussed in conventional handbooks on literature. Even here Mr. Frye has surprises in store—especially for those who have not been reading his articles, in the quarterlies. The discussion of "music" in poetry is original and convincing; the discrimination between four forms—novel, romance, confession, "anatomy"—of prose fiction gives criticism a valuable new tool. And the section on "encyclopaedic forms" lends a new dimension to all discussions of the Bible as literature.

But it is the final chapter, modestly entitled "Tentative Conclusion," which will make the high-

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brow and the middlebrow join in a chorus of praise, for it includes —besides the analogy between literature and mathematics already cited—a reaffirmation of liberal humanism. Admitting, as we all must, that "art does not evolve or improve," Professor Frye continues:

> What does improve in the arts is the comprehension of them, and the refining of society which results from it. It is the consumer, not the producer, who benefits by culture, the consumer who becomes humanized and liberally educated. There is no reason why a great poet should be a wise and good man, or even a tolerable human being, but there is every reason why his reader should be improved in his humanity as a result of reading him.

This argument is essentially that used by medieval humanists and by many Fathers of the Church to justify the reading of the pagan classics. Books like this should help to make us all better readers—and hence "improved in our humanity."

Wonder and Mystery of Art

OPUS POSTHUMOUS. By Wallace Stevens. Edited, with an introduction, by Samuel French Morse. Knopf. $6.75.

By ROSEMARY F. DEEN

THE publication of Wallace Stevens' *Opus Posthumous* ought to signal the beginning of comprehensive studies of his work. The general reader and the student of poetry now have available to them an almost complete canon of Stevens' writings—poetry, prose, and plays—from 1914 to his death in 1955. *Opus Posthumous* supplements both the *Collected Poems* and the prose collected in *The Necessary Angel*. Some of the poems have never before been printed; some have been rescued by the editor from obscure or ephemeral publication in periodicals and miscellanies. The value of the book as a collection, however, is enhanced by the way it renews our sense of the worth and interest of Stevens' work as a whole.

One of the values that Stevens has for our time is that he represents the tradition of the great English romantics of the early nineteenth century, the "other" poetic tradition from that represented by Mr. Eliot. This has long been an unpopular tradition, and it is good for us to have Mr. Stevens holding the most deep-dyed romantic theories and making use of them, as inspiration or material, for many of the best and greatest poems of our time.

What are some of these characteristic poetic ideas? They all have a relation to a key idea: that among the causes of a work of art— the artist, the audience, the substance of the work, the form—the most important is the artist. This idea makes the central question about art the problem of perception or imagination—how the artist sees things. In the essay "A Collect of Philosophy" Stevens shows great interest in what he calls "The poetic concepts that have resulted from the study of perception." One such concept is the doctrine that we see the world not immediately, but only after the completion of a process of seeing. "Thus we are constantly observing the past." Stevens then describes the effect of this idea. The passage is an excellent summation of much of his poetry:

> The material world, for all the assurances of the eye, has become immaterial. It has become an image in the mind. The solid earth disappears and the whole atmosphere is subtilized not by the arrival of some venerable beam of light from an almost hypothetical star but by a breach of reality. What we see is not an external world but an image of it and hence an internal world.

This "breach in reality" enables the poet to rush in, to create something finer and more orderly than the "assurances of the eye" can

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ffer. One thinks of the many oems of Stevens in which the orld is informed by a particular lew: tropical or northern, red or lue, stillness or the sounds of irds and musical instruments. here are poems of this sort in ıe present volume. In one, the sight f spring partakes of the "trouble f the mind":

Trouble in the spillage and
first sparkle of sun,
The green-edged yellow and blue
and blue-edged green—

n the simple poem about hearing a linner bell in the woods,

The point of it was the way he
heard it,
In the green, outside the door
of phantasma.

It is well to remember, however, that reality has not vanished—there is only a breach in it. Stevens notes in an adage that "the imagination wishes to be indulged." This reminds us that it needs the correction of reality. The function of poetry "is precisely this contact with reality as it impinges on us from the outside, the sense that we can touch and feel a solid reality which does not wholly dissolve itself into the conceptions of our own minds. . . . The wonder and mystery of art . . . is the revelation of something 'wholly other' by which the inexpressible loneliness of thinking is broken and enriched."

Equally characteristic of the romantic poet is Stevens' dominant idea that in an age of disbelief, poetry can take the place of religion as "life's redemption." Repugnant as this idea may be to believers, they must note that Stevens has no quarrel with them. He is merely trying to integrate the world as it is to him. The idea may be the spring of what is fresh and living in his poetry. He believes that the poet "celebrates" the world, and that the purpose of poetry is "creating confidence in the world." The late poems show no decline in this *élan*. Sustained in their central sense of celebration, of confidence, they become as simple and clear as possible.

These poems, to paraphrase somewhat Stevens' words about a modern artist, are an "assertion of strength. They create a human self-confidence, as if one had known from the beginning the eventual *dénouement* of knowledge, so long postponed and so incredible."

Novel of Conversion

THE CONVERT. By Margaret Culkin Banning. Harper. $3.95.

By JOHN A. LYNCH

SOME OF THE advance publicity for *The Convert* noted that the book was "smoothly written." If this means that here there are no subtleties, no enigmas, no labyrinthine ways, then I agree. It all begins so smoothly that one is in danger of falling off the page and quite forgetting where he was, and not much caring to find out, either. This gives way, however, to a certain fascination with what I can only describe as Mrs. Banning's fascination with the idea of a conversion as the basis of a novel.

Certainly conversions have been documented before, but I doubt if ever in quite this manner. Mrs. Banning is on the side of the angels, of course, and, apologetically, the Church comes off rather well, if labored. As the field of religious operations is wide, and still somewhat mysterious to the secular mind, the author possesses a distinct advantage—which she uses. In any case, where better to start than with an argument over a planned-parenthood clinic?

Mark Worthing, who obviously is going to be The Convert of the title, is set up as a bigot who entertained his fancy, when first faced with the problem of the clinic, by repeating to family and friends, "Of course, I am no bigot." This is necessary; for if he were no bigot, where would be the drama in his ultimate conversion?

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she does, allows the author to pre sent, in a style somewhere akin t that of the women's magazine, those half-understood, always in viting, and perhaps even taboo sub jects of birth control and divorce Then a few snippets about the loca priest, parochial schools, and som Protestant, good-citizen doubts c a man's efficiency once he "goe over." Throw in a trip to Sout America, where the Church has "stranglehold" on the people. Mi it with a family mining adventur in Minnesota, and garland with ro mantic love, happy home life, anc a pregnancy that is a "deliciou secret."

Mrs. Banning's apology and the sis are carried along largely by inner monologues, Mark's, his wife's, his sister's, his brother's, his brother's girl friend's, but they are all, in the end, only Mrs. Banning's. She places them where she needs to, alternately, for and against the Church, Catholics in general, and conversion. The novel suffers for it. Mark is, in effect, only a paper bigot, and he can become, at last, only a paper convert.

The monologues are neither casual nor spontaneous, and conversation in many places is not much better. If I were from Minnesota I would resent the inference that people there think and talk this way. In conversation, the Church is referred to continually, and awkwardly, as the Roman Catholic Church, rarely by any shorter appellation. A young lady who is introduced as Rose Mary, and then is fraternally separated from the rest of the cast, is spoken of as "that girl," "that other girl," and the girl "who was a Catholic," although everyone knows her and knows perfectly well what her name is. One man even speaks in parentheses at one point, which, I imagine, is a rather difficult thing to do.

One hesitates to question the efficacy of such a book as this, for the roster of any parish will be dotted with the names of converts who first became interested in the Church through means which other Catholics — and other converts among them—might think odd or mawkish, impotent or miscon-

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:eived. God is still writing straight vith crooked lines, no doubt, but is a novel, as an example of the irt, *The Convert* fails badly.

Synthetic Flavor

'ITY THE INNOCENT. By Ethel Mannin. Putnam. $3.50.

By JEAN HOLZHAUER

PITY THE INNOCENT, the seventh book by Ethel Mannin, is "a novel of spiritual regeneration." It is also terrible. If the comparison is not worse, it is reminiscent of jello salad. In consuming it, one now and then encounters a fruity and semi-identifiable lump. Between the lumps the going is watery and the flavor synthetic.

Terry Billings, the hero, is the son of a red-haired Irish beauty who murders her lover and is hanged for it. Despite efforts on the part of all the grownups involved with Terry to protect him from this knowledge, he learns the facts of his life at fourteen. As he is a sensitive boy who has previously been shuffled around a good deal between wildly pious Irish relatives and solid French free-thinking friends, he is upset by his discovery. He never afterward succeeds in getting his feet on the ground and at twenty-two he is so far afloat as to repeat his mother's crime of murder.

When he goes to prison he meets the chaplain who had attended his mother in her last hours and tells him the story of his life. The chaplain relays the story to us. It is grounded on passages like:

"The house when we reached it was not the cottage it looked from the road below but quite a large old place, on two levels. We had evidently been sighted coming up the steps for as we came on a level with the door in the wall it was flung open and a dark-haired young man wearing a rough tweed jacket rushed out and hurled himself on my father, hugging him, and kissing him on both cheeks, which I thought very strange. Then in the doorway I saw a pleasant-looking young woman with fairish waving hair falling about her face. . . ."

This total recall, including the "fairish waving hair" is the sort of thing one doubts ever gets recited to prison chaplains. The disbelief can be willingly suspended to a point, and after that can be unwillingly suspended, but there is a limit.

The most important complaint about *Pity the Innocent,* though, is that Terry for all his colorful background never succeeds in being an interesting person. His instincts are primarily those of flight and rejection and self-protection. An old journalism professor used to tell me that in writing it was essential to make a hero be heroic. Books like this one win me to full agreement.

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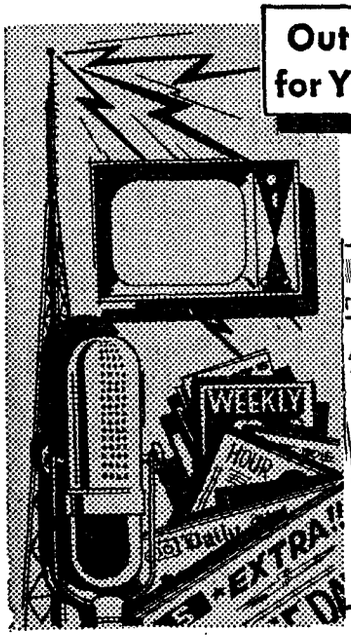

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS
THE PRESIDENT
Personnel. Pres. Eisenhower Jan. 4 formally appointed ex-Chmn. Walter F. George (D., Ga.) of the Senate Foreign Relations Com. as his $20,000-a-year assistant on foreign policy to the North Atlantic Council. XVI, pp.
House. The Senate had 49 Democrats & 46 Republicans on the
A 47th Republican
K. Javits (N.Y.), was
9. He had deferred
the Senate in order
nation as N.Y. St.
and thereby make
ARTS & SCIENCE
Scientists. The Amer. Assn. for the Advancement of Science, in a report adopted Dec. 30 by its annual meeting
must
efforts
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of Ste
elect
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[See
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POLITICS
Texas Elects Democrat. Ralph W. Yarborough, 53, Democrat Austin lawyer who 3 times in Texas gubernatorial tests, defeated a field of 16 others
ocrats & 2 Republicans to win
tion Apr. 2 to Texas' U.S. Senate
that had been vacated when
Daniel resigned
SPORTS
Winners
Auto racing: Juan Manuel Fangio, 45, of Argentina, driving a Maserati won the 1957 Argentine Grand Prix
Buenos Aires Jan. 13. [See Vol. XV
pp. 498F1, 263D3]
The East defeated
in the
All-St
MISCE
Disasters &
were reported J
an Iraqi smallp
out in May 195
son of actres
killed Jan 15
Sun Valley, Ca

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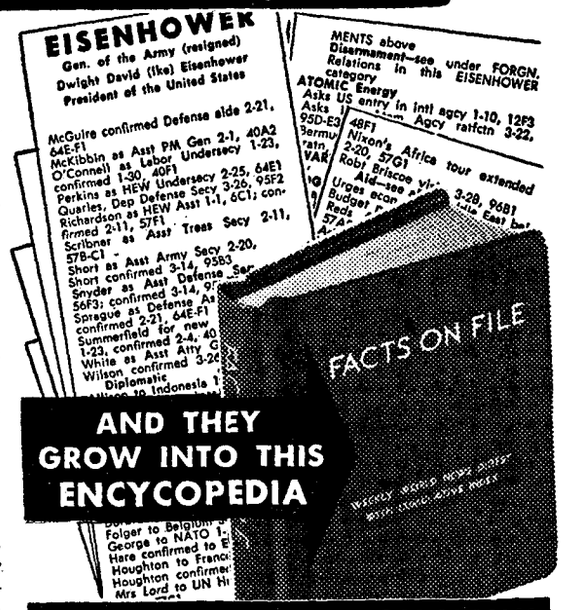

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